

CHARIVARIA.

IN Labour circles Mr. ASQUITH's promise of Universal Suffrage is considered good so far as it goes, but it is being asked, Why no salaries for voters?

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According to *The Express*, Mr. BALFOUR did not have to wait long for confirmation of his resignation. As he left the City Committee Room, where he had made the announcement, a news-boy held out a paper to him, and cried, "Resignation of Mr. BALFOUR—official." "It's true, then," the ex-Leader is said to have remarked.

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It is rumoured that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's voyage in the submarine has caused some little annoyance to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who had hitherto looked upon himself as the Minister for the Submerged.

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"The present trend of legislation," says Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, "is making milksops of the democracy." But is this quite true? Mr. BURNS anyhow has abandoned for the present his measure for making pure-milksops of us.

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The proprietor of a well-known livery establishment informed an interviewer that he always kept a number of spare horses, but that they were all out during the taxi strike. We can well believe this. Quite a feature of our streets was the number of extremely spare horses one saw about.

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Turkey's policy, it is now said, is to be her traditional one of Waiting. She forgets, perhaps, that there are also a great many Waiters in the Italian army.

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In Germany the Moroccan settlement still fails to please. It is felt that the CHANCELLOR has given away not only the Duck's Beak in the Cameroons, but also a piece of the Eagle's Beak at home.

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From *The Evesham Journal*:—

"RAILWAY TROUBLES.

ALL ROUND INCREASE ON THE GREAT WESTERN AND N.W."

That's what we feared about these troubles; they increase so fast.

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According to Dr. NANSEN, "Our civilization is trivial. Its object is to make everybody like everybody else all over the world." Sometimes we fancy its object is to make everybody dislike everybody else.

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All the school teachers at Lugano have gone on strike owing to a differ-



C 10 (searching hen-coop for suspected burglar). "WHO'S IN THUR-R!"
Falsetto Voice. "ONLY US CHICKENS!"

ence with the educational authorities. With splendid loyalty the little pupils are standing by the teachers, and urging them not to give way.

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The Morning Post, in its report of a statement made by Sir EDWARD GREY in the course of the debate on the Declaration of London, gives us a capital idea of the uncertain and confusing nature of the provisions of that document. "Sir E. GREY remarked," our contemporary tells us, "that the question whether a Prize Court should be set up or not had already would prevent any great Colonial jurist being again and again (Hear, near)."

A consignment of potatoes absolutely black in colour has been placed upon the market. It is thought that sentimental folk will prefer to have these when in mourning.

"Professor H. H. Turner dealt very largely with recent work on the movements of the stars, especially with those movements which seem to indicate that some stars move in flocks like migrating birds. The chief of these flocks, whose movements were due to the work of Professor Boss, appeared to be a cluster in the constellation of Taurus."—*Daily Graphic*.

We had no idea that Professor Boss was doing it, though we might have guessed it from his name. But why he should chivy the stars about we cannot understand.

THE NIBLICK CLUB.

I HAVE always contended that golf would be an ideal game for middle age if it were not for golfers. The only possible arrangement, if you are to have your game and at the same time escape contact with this deplorable type, is to have a house of your own adjoining the tenth tee and so avoid the atmosphere of the club-house. There may still be two or more intolerable people in front of you to keep you back, and two or more in your rear to press you forward, but apart from distant exchanges of abuse there is no need to hold any intercourse with your fellow-members.

I am not, either congenitally or by acquired taste, a misanthrope, yet the moment I enter a golf club-house I detest my brother man. So offensive is the air of breeziness and brutal health and general self-satisfaction that radiates from the typical golfer. You will, perhaps, challenge this charge of self-satisfaction: you will contend that the golfer never admits that he has done himself justice; always a conspiracy of evil chances has ruined the fine score of which he alleges himself to be capable. I answer that this is the worst form of self-satisfaction, because it has not the excuse of actual achievement. In any case I suffer an equal boredom whether he tells me that he lay dead (would that this were not a mere figure of speech) at the seventh hole in two, or that a mole-cast on the fourteenth green robbed him of a "par" four. I don't want to know anything about him or his game. I think I would actually sooner listen to a hunting-man's shop.

But even when a golfer is silent about his game there is still the offence of his aspect. For most other outdoor games you need a figure suggestive of strength or agility or courage or endurance. But for golf you can be any shape you like, or even merely amorphous. So long as you have your lower limbs under control and can wave a stick there need be no limit to your girth or flabbiness or senility.

Nor is there any established costume for the game, now that the old red coat, which at least took the eye like a pillar-box, has been discarded, save on rare commons where it is still retained as a danger signal to nursemaids. And even in the days of the red coat there were, as now, the trouserists and the knickerbockerites, and none could say which were the more correct.

One would have thought that one's opportunities of communion with this strange medley of humanity were

already more than adequate. Yet there lies before me at this moment the prospectus of The Niblick Club, forwarded with an invitation to me to join its membership. I view with suspicion any club that invites me to join it, except under conditions of peculiar privilege extended as a tribute to my personality; but let that pass. The Niblick Club is not an ordinary golf-club, it is in the heart of the Metropolis and attached to no links; it has been established for the purpose of offering to golfers a further scope for social intercourse.

I hope I have already shown with sufficient clarity that I regard the ordinary golf club-house as a necessary evil. It shelters your weapons; it provides a cuisine of a limited order; it affords a convenient point for assignments with those particular friends (selected for their reticence) with whom you propose to play; but you enter it always at the risk of overhearing the conversation of other golfers. But why anyone should deliberately join a club which exists for the express design of throwing golfers together without the chance of a game is an enigma that leaves my imagination hopelessly insolvent.

You will tell me that golf, like the suffrage, is becoming so vulgarised (in the beautiful sense) that to say that you are a golfer is scarce more than to admit that you are a human being; The Niblick Club might therefore, you say, as well be called The Breathers' Club. But think of its purpose. The tie that binds together all those who draw mortal breath might appeal to one's common humanity; and shop-talk at a Breathers' Club, unless overdone with allusions to patent lung-expanders and physical developers, would be inoffensive. But The Niblick Club, having for its avowed object the development of social intercourse between golfers, encourages the dreariest foible of our universal brotherhood.

No, I shall not join The Niblick Club.

Peaceful Extermination.

Italy denies the alleged atrocities in Tripoli. The massacre of the Arabs is officially stated to have been conducted in a most humane manner.

"MR. F. E. SMITH AT STRATFORD.

TOUCHSTONE OF UNIONIST SINCERITY."

The Birmingham Gazette and Express.

That is, of course, just how Mr. F. E. SMITH is regarded by his opponents; but in spite of the Shakspearean associations of Stratford we think it would have been happier—in the case of a Unionist paper, at any rate—not to have called him by a clown's name.

THE MARK OF THE EAST.

WHEN Gertrude sails for India
She bids her kin and kith
Inspect the bales of tropic veils,
The helmets made of pith:
The net to spread above her bed
Is viewed with anxious mien,
And eyes dilate to see the crate
Of camphor and quinine.

When Gertrude sails for India,
Her mother's feeling queer,
The Rector blows an anxious nose
And wipes away a tear:
Shall Ruth or Grace usurp the place
'Tis Gertrude's pride to hold
At Little-Budleigh-in-the-Mud-
cum-Worple-on-the-Wold?

When Gertrude sails for India,
The local "Doreas" sighs
For one whose zest last autumn dress'd
A score of pagan thighs;
In stricken tones a curate drones
The lessons for the day,
Nor dares to view his Rector's pew
For fear of giving way.

When Gertrude comes from India,
She's Indian to the core,
Her gown and hair, her manners bear
The stamp of Barrackpore;
She sits and prates of maiden plates,
Of revels at the "Gym,"
Of leading parts and doubled hearts,
The regiment and him.

When Gertrude comes from India,
She's found an Eastern twang.
And bores her friends with odds and
ends
Of Anglo-Indian slang;
The root-tree shakes, the housemaid
quakes
Before that torrid flow
Of "idhar ao" and "jalai jao,"
And "asti bat karo."

When Gertrude comes from India,
The Rector's habits pall,
The startled guest is gently press'd
To cocktails in the hall;
Her parents quail before the gale
Which swamps the old routine,
And, save in Lent, must needs consent
To dine at 8.15.

When Gertrude comes from India,
The schemes I'd lately plann'd,
They fade and die, and that is why
I loathe that selfish land,
Which drains the West of all its best
To keep an atlas red;
Which dared to claim my only flame
And send me this instead.

Near Venezuela a new volcanic island
has just been thrown up. A German
cruiser is to be despatched to protect
the interests of the inhabitants.



OVERDOING IT.

JOHN BULL: "IS THAT THE LOT?"



GOLF'S DELAYS.

Fair Golfer (who has "found" the bunker in eight, a foursome and others meanwhile waiting on the tee). "I'M JUST WONDERING, MADEL, WHETHER TO HAVE A GREEN JERSEY OR A GREY ONE."

THE BRAIN OF THE NATION.

[The qualifications of Mr. PEASE for his new post as President of the Board of Education are thus summarised in the pages of *Who's Who*:—"Recreations: member of Cambridge University Football Team, 1878; member of Cambridge University Polo Team, 1880-81; master of Cambridge University Drag Hounds, 1880-81; master of own pack of Beagles, 1881-86; member of Lord Zetland's and Cleveland Hounds; captain of Durham County Cricket Club, 1884-90; member of M.C.C.; New Zealand, Princes, Mitcham, Sandwich, Seaton, and Darlington Golf Clubs; cycling, fishing, shooting, etc. . . Clubs: Brooks's, Turf, City Liberal, National Liberal."]

GOOD MISTER PEASE, whom ASQUITH, that facetious super-Soul,

The Board of Education has selected to control,
Pray let a total stranger express his mild surprise
That your well-deserved appointment should awaken hostile cries.

That you're not a Senior Wrangler is indisputably true,
But at Cambridge, thirty years ago, you won a Football Blue;
And, judging by the practice which has now become a rule,
You might have been an usher at a fashionable school.

Unversed in the laborious works of FREEMAN or of STUBBS,
You are at least a member of a dozen sporting clubs;
Your cricket still is passable; you motor and you hunt;
And are quite as good as RUNCIMAN in managing a punt.

You haven't wasted precious hours perusing pond'rous tomes;
You haven't studied FROEBEL or the works of Mr. HOLMES;
In short, the tablets of your mind resemble, up to date—
Where education is concerned—a brand-new virgin slate.

Though your name is not in any of the Cambridge Tripos lists,

You have kept a pack of beagles and are supple in the wrists;
Your handicap at golf is low: it isn't scratch, I grant;
But you play a great deal better than ASQUITH or MORANT.

Besides, you've been a Party Whip, and whipping's at the base—

Despite humanitarians—of the schooling of the race;
And there's something rather spirited, romantic and sublime

In a member of the Turf Club who's a Quaker all the time.

A modern Departmental Chief should own a rhino's skin
Or else his equanimity will speedily wear thin;
But the following reflections may serve to mitigate
The annoyance certain comments may have given you of late.

No matter how profoundly from your staff you disagree,
No matter how acutely you offend the N.U.T.,
This single consolation no disaster can efface—
You'll never disimprove upon the chief whom you replace.

Now looking at the Nations on the edge of the Abyss,
If we are sure of anything, at least we're sure of this:
That after Armageddon, if a single State remains
Unshattered, it will be a State pre-eminent in brains.

So at this all-decisive stage of England's long career
O let us thank our lucky stars and suitably revere,
As moulder of the Nation's mind, as Dominie supreme,
A man who gained his colours for the Cambridge Polo team!

THE YOUNGEST MEMBER.

I HAD not seen the youngest member before, though I had heard others speak of him. It was therefore with some satisfaction that I observed him enter the club smoking-room where I was having a cup of tea. He came in quietly and unostentatiously—I might almost say furtively, but, once in, he developed a sudden and surprising aplomb. He was not daunted by the massive and comfortable furniture, or by the thick, noise-quelling carpet, or by the copy of the frieze of the Parthenon that runs round the top of our wall, or by the serried rows of books, or by Dumbleton sleeping the sleep of the plethoric by the fire. He was evidently one whom no splendour appalled. Perhaps he owed his equanimity to his magnificent apparel, for he was nobly clad in a shining black fur coat, yet there was no lack of geniality in his air or his conduct. I ventured to smile at him, and he returned the smile. Thus encouraged I beckoned him to my sofa, and he at once sat down beside me with a high-bred dignity and ease of manner that stamped him as one of the truly great. I own I was much attracted by him, and at once began a conversation.

"No, thank you," he said, "no tea. It doesn't agree with me, and a fellow must look after his health. Milk? Well, just the tiniest drop—thank you so much . . . Yes, that's good milk, and I ought to know. But you're not drinking your tea. Pray, pray don't let me disturb you."

I reassured him, and he gave me a most engaging look.

"Really," he said, "you're very good. One never knows, you see. Some take things one way, some take 'em another. Personally, I'm all for ease and comfort. I hate your stuck-up chaps—not many of 'em here, I'm thankful to say, but I did meet one last week in the gallery. Tried to kick me, and, begad, Sir, if I hadn't been pretty nippy on my pins he'd have done it too."

I expressed my opinion of this monstrous act in appropriate terms.

"No," he continued, "I didn't report him to the Committee. I daresay I ought to have done so, but I didn't want to be hard on the beggar. They'd have had him out in two-twos, you know, and then what would have become of him? He's got a wife, they tell me, with a voice like a motor-horn; sees as little of her as he can manage and spends all his days in the club. Suppose I'd got him fired out? No, I'm not one of that sort. But if it ever happens again I'll set about him in a way that'll surprise him."

I warmly commended him.

"Of course I'm only a young member," he said. "Haven't been in the club more than six months, but one can't take a thing like that twice lying down. All the waiters would

laugh at you, and even the hall-porter would begin to doubt your courage. Now with you it's different. You understand a chap."

I said I hoped I did, and he rubbed his head confidentially and almost absent-mindedly against my elbow. It was so amiably done that I didn't even feel surprised.

"Yes," he went on, "it's a good club. Everything's kept in apple-pie order—chairs comfortable, fires bright and warm, carpets simply topping. You could lie down on them and go to sleep any time, they're so soft. And the food's A1. They don't stint you. Their fish can't be beaten, and their *Souris au Naturel* is simply perfect—there's no other word for it, it's perfect. I've only one fault to find: they don't keep a proper supply of *Volaille* on the premises. One has to go outside for it, and that's not right. However, the steward's promised to see to it, and when he says anything it's as good as done."

I asked him which of the rooms he preferred.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I like 'em all, but the kitchen's my favourite."

"The kitchen?" I said. "Members don't go into the kitchen."

"One member does," he laughed, "and I'm that member. I've got no end of friends amongst the cooks. Then there's the housekeeper. I spend hours and hours with the housekeeper. Really you can't say you've lived if you don't know the housekeeper. But there, I mustn't talk any more. If I don't get my forty winks now I shan't get 'em at all, and I've got a big evening in front of me." With this he

sprang lightly into a large waste-paper basket half-full of paper. There he curled himself round flush with the rim, like a black ammonite, and was asleep in a moment.

"Yes, Sir," said the waiter who took away my tea, "he's a fine cat. Only ten months old, but knows his way about everywhere. Just to look at him walking through the rooms you'd think the whole place belonged to him. Seems to know all the members, too, he's so friendly with them. Yes, he's a rare mouser."

"One can hardly believe that, in this century, a boy of eleven could enjoy the successful performance, at an exclusive European opera house, of an elaborate instrumental pantomime of his own composition. Yet such was the privilege of Erich Wolfgang Korngold, no later than October of last year."

So says an advertisement, and adds airily, "The youthful composer is now a lad of fourteen."

From a circular:—

"The materials for Stetson hats are brought from all parts of the world, but the manufactured hats go to a greater number of countries." Vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself when it lays it on like this.



Magistrate. "YOU ARE A VERY WICKED BOY. WHAT MADE YOU THROW A STONE AT THIS GENTLEMAN?"

Offender. "COULDN'T 'ELP IT, GUV'NER. IT'S ALL DOO TO THE CORRUPTIN' INFLUENCE O' FERNISH'S LITERACHAW."

THE HOOK.

It was wholly my own fault. My presence was not imperatively necessary in the scullery—indeed, I had no business there at all. It has been explained to me since by my wife, very patiently and kindly, that my second best mashie was not in the scullery, that it could not possibly have been there, and I have come to realize that she is perfectly right. When a man loses his spare mashie he should hunt for it in his golf-bag—where I eventually found mine—rather than in the scullery. He is so apt to lose himself as well in the unexplored regions of the back kitchen. Wandering home to my study, I passed the open back door, and there was first greeted by the large, benevolent-looking gentleman.

"Good morning to you, Sir," he said, in an amazingly important and reverberant voice.

I acknowledged the salutation with reserve. The man was certainly six feet tall, broad slightly out of proportion, and "thick through," as anglers and fishmongers say. He was a pronouncedly cubic person. Drawing something glittering from his pocket and holding it daintily between finger and thumb, he offered it for inspection.

"I desire, Sir, to call your attention to this Hook," he said benevolently.

"Er—thanks very much," I said rather feebly.

The cubical man waved my acknowledgments aside very politely.

"Not at all, Sir," he said, with wonderful affability. "I am proud to do you a service. It is my duty. This Hook is manufactured of the finest chrome steel, solid drawn, and cold curved by a new low-tension process. No sword ever came out of Toledo better tempered than this Hook, Sir—nor would Andrew Farriery himself have disdained that Hook."

"Andrew —?" I ventured to enquire.

"Farriery, Sir. The celebrated sword-maker of Italy, and, I may add, one of the foremost steel workers of his age."

I nodded.

"But it is not the Hook itself which I wish especially to impress upon your mind, Sir," the man ran on, "but the manifold uses to which it can be put. Without the scientific principle of the Hook, Sir, the world would cease to exist—practically. I shall develop that aspect of the Hook presently. Meantime I wish to point out to you that this Hook possesses at the longer end a fine machine-cut thread for screwing into the wooden socket which is to be



DELICACY.

Tailor (calling out measurements to clerk). "CHEST, THIRTY-NINE-HALF; WAIST, FIF—ER—HIS PROPORTION!"

found at the end of any ordinary leather arm. And once there, Sir, it stays there. No slipping loose—no wearing out of the machined thread. It is there, Sir, as though it had taken root there. You will find, Sir, that the leather of the arm will wear out long before the Hook, and the wooden socket will perish before you have worn away the millionth part of an inch of the steel.

"Again, Sir, think of the balance of a good hook. No more unsightly creases in the leather of the arm, no more bagging at the elbow, no more unnecessary play upon the working parts. Just an easy natural comfort-

able swing from the shoulder straps—wholly due to balance, Sir, obtained, I may add, by a secret and stringently protected device of weighting invented by Sir HIRAM MAXIM. I wish particularly to point out to you, Sir, that the Hooks manufactured by the Company which I represent are completely insulated. Lightning cannot strike them, nor will they deflect compasses. An infant could wear one in a thunder-storm without peril, a mariner could sail his barque from sea to sea without risk, wearing one of these Hooks. The shepherd upon the hills, Sir, can abolish at last that clumsy and age-old contrivance, the crook, and come to close

quarters with his animals—thanks to our Hooks. At night one can screw it into the door and hang one's arm, or clothes, upon it, and at dawn; I may add, you can attach your developer to it and do your exercises without let or hindrance. These Hooks, Sir, have been used as motor tyre levers, as anchors, as shark hooks, and as fire escapes—with bed-clothes attached. They halve one's glove bill, Sir, and are guaranteed to sustain a dead weight of ten tons."

He wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow and continued strenuously, a slightly wild look in his eye.

"These Hooks, Sir, are a boon to the amateur gardener when pruning his rose-trees, a source of never-ending satisfaction to the photographer, who can carry a camera all day without getting stiff muscles!"

He looked anxiously at me, realized that I was neither a gardener nor a photographer, and tried afresh.

"To the mountain climber they are a necessity. He need not fear the deepest precipice, the profoundest abyss nor the Bottomless Pit itself, once he has got a grip with his Hook; and when mountaineering among savage folk he needs only to give the Hook a tap with a hammer to straighten it into a dangerous and a reliable dagger. I have indicated, Sir, but a few of the uses to which the Hook can be put, but I think you will agree with me that the price of the Hook—one shilling only—"

I took both my hands from behind my back and the benevolent man stopped short, staring at them in a fascinated sort of way. He made a swallowing noise with his throat. Then he pulled himself together and uttered a palpably forced laugh.

"Hardly fair—hardly fair," he said, with a sort of indulgent and playful reproof, and carelessly jerking the Hook across the kitchen garden he turned to go.

"I suppose you wouldn't care to lend me a couple of sovereigns?" he said over his shoulder. "No? Well, give us a bob, then. I may be a tramp, but I'm human, after all. It took me half-an-hour to clean the thing."

I gave it, and he went away without thanks.

He infused into his gait a slight increase of alacrity as he turned the corner of the house. I wondered why, until I perceived Hobson, our one-armed odd-job man, hurry past him towards me.

"Well, Hobson, what is it?" I enquired benignly, as befits a man who by sheer firmness of character has just avoided extravagance.

"It's me new hook, Sir," said Hobson, agitatedly unscrewing the spud with which he replaces the hook when gardening or about to garden. "It's gone, Sir—turned me back and it was went away most astonishing. It was raining this morning, Sir, and it got wet coming to work. I screwed in the spud for to get up the plantains, and while the hook was laid aside tempory it got astonishing rusty. I hung it on the railings out in the front, meaning to clean it up when I'd done with the spud, Sir. Happening to look up be chance I seen it was vanished and completely went away. Me new hook, Sir, only been wore twice before and that on Sundays, Sir. I been hunting for it this sour or more."

I pointed across the garden to the bed of curly kale which is Hobson's choice in the cabbage department of our kitchen garden.

"It is *there*," I said, "there, my Hobson, that you will find your new hook. No longer rusty but speckless and chaste, glittering, a thing of joy. Between the fourth and fifth curly kale in the third row from the western edge of the bed, as nearly as I can judge. And—Hobson?"

"Yessir," said Hobson.

"A word in your ear, Hobson. Never again leave your hook upon the railings when there is a man of cubical appearance and with an important and reverberant voice in the neighbourhood."

"Nosir," said Hobson dully, and without in the least understanding or attempting to. He seemed to think that in some momentary madness I had cast his hook to the cabbages. He hesitated for a second, then, with a look of silent and dignified reproach in his eyes he proceeded reflectively to take his hook unto himself again.

THOUGHTS ON THE NINTH.

THE least bored person in London on Lord Mayor's Day last week was a small boy who rode in the Show with one of the Aldermen. That he was having the time of his life was apparent; but what were the thoughts under that roomy topper and behind those quick eyes?

Our own thought-reader, who happened to be wedged in at the top of Chancery Lane, declares that the following were the boy's thoughts:

"Chancery Lane—good! Shall be at the Law Courts in a jiff. Only hope those blighters in front have left a few sandwiches and things. Won't old Blinkers and the rest be green when they hear I've ridden in the Show? Must get Granddad to put it in writing for me,

or they'll think me a putrid liar. Oh, hang it! why can't they push on? Wish those beastly church bells wouldn't spoil the band. Ripping band—better than all that historical tosh in front. I expect old what's-his-name in the coach there is getting peckish. The fat old boy on the box gets all the cheers, and the LORD MAYOR has to do the bowing. Rotten life, I call it—for the LORD MAYOR, I mean. Oh, why can't they move on? Pretty dirty crowd in this street. Beastly place, Fleet Street. I bet there won't be a single crumb left if—Hooray! we're off!"

Before accepting this version, however, we consulted one of the leading writers of the day, who makes a speciality of maiden aunts. He has a million clients who present his works to their nephews as suitable reading, and his emphatic opinion was that the boy's thoughts were as follows:—

"This is indeed an auspicious occasion. The ringing cheers of the assembled populace, the riot of the bells, the stately cavalcade—what do they denote? The LORD MAYOR is dead—long live the LORD MAYOR! There in that stately coach rides a good man and true whose merit has brought him at last to the highest position in municipal service that this fair England of ours has to offer. The day shall come—here and now I resolve it—when the occupant of that gilded receptacle shall be none other than myself. I am determined not to rest either by day or night until this ambition is fulfilled."

FIRE-EATERS À LA FRANÇAISE.

THE habit of going to the French for drama is so strong that our histrions almost naturally adopt French dramatic manners too, and the recent threatened duel between M. LE BARGY and M. ALEXANDRE, of the Comédie Française, has, although it was averted, led to several similar engagements among London actors.

Early on Sunday morning Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE met Mr. EDMUND PAYNE in the Court of Honour at Shepherd's Bush. The seconds were Mr. MAX BEERBOHM (by proxy) and Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS. The quarrel arose from a remark made to Sir HERBERT by the famous Gaiety comedian at the Garrick Club during a game of billiards. Mr. EDMUND PAYNE, it seems, potted his adversary's ball when, according to Sir HERBERT, the gentlemanly course was to go for the red. In a case like this bloodshed is, of course, imperative and the affray was short and fierce but decisive, Mr. EDMUND PAYNE sinking under a heavy epigram. While



Fair Owner of Dog (that has just been having severe rough-and-tumble with old gentleman on ground). "WHAT A MERCY IT IS THAT PLUTO HAS HIS MUZZLE ON! HE MIGHT HAVE HURT YOU!"

still on his back Mr. PAYNE confessed that the potting of Sir HERBERT's ball was a fluke and would not have occurred had he not in aiming at the red missed it utterly. Friendship being thus restored, the two illustrious mimes returned to London in perfect amity.

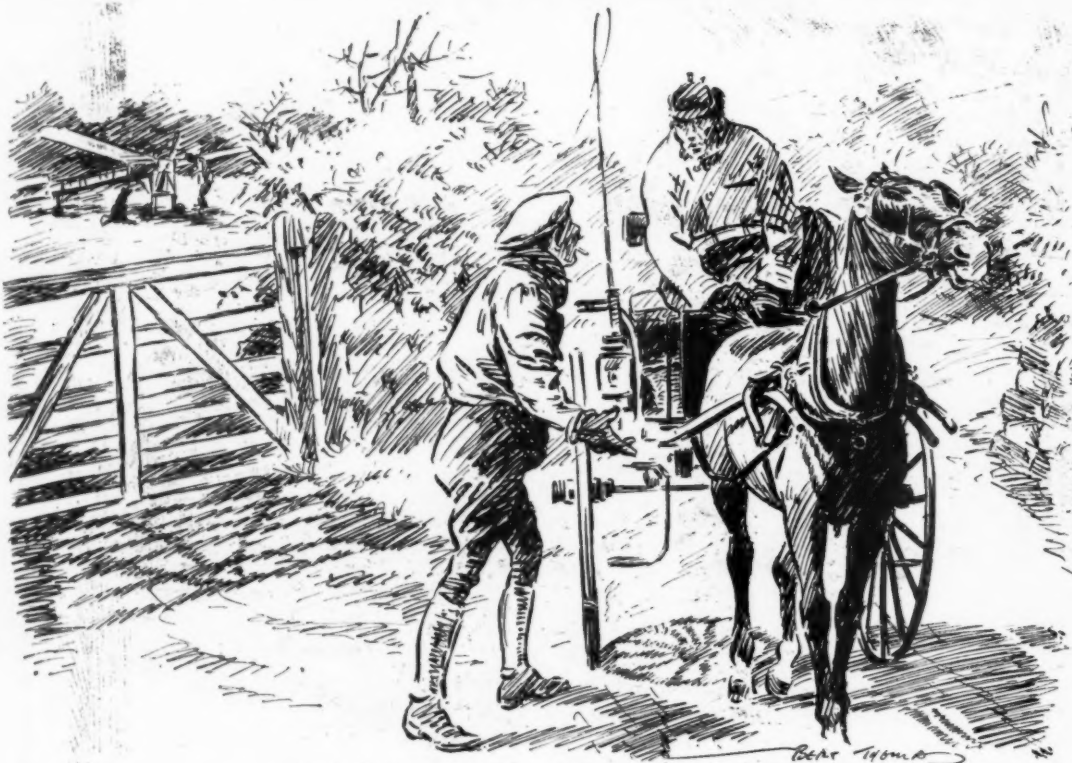
The meeting between Mr. PÉLISSIER and Mr. LEWIS SYDNEY on the 10th ult. was deeply to be regretted, but unavoidable. For some months now, if not years, Mr. PÉLISSIER has been in the habit, on the boards of the Apollo Theatre, of attributing a monkey-like cast to Mr. SYDNEY's physiognomy; and Mr. SYDNEY has apparently not resented it. It seems, however, that during all this time the insult has rankled, although, in consideration of the laughter which it excites and a sympathetic feeling for audiences who are out for merriment, he has forced himself to suppress his feelings. Last week, however, his self-restraint being a little less powerful than usual, owing to the worry of finding a new funny story, Mr. SYDNEY told Mr. PÉLISSIER what he thought of this simian comparison, in such terms as left that gentleman no course but to send his seconds; which he did, with the characteristic remark that though only seconds

they were natives and no aliens need apply. The choice of weapons lying with Mr. SYDNEY he selected horse chestnuts with the spiky green integument still adhering, and with these missiles the two comedians battered each other (at daybreak on Wormwood Scrubs) until honour was satisfied. Mr. SYDNEY then called for a mirror, and admitting the justice of Mr. PÉLISSIER's simile grasped his hand in eternal comradeship.

The extraordinarily protracted encounter which took place early last Saturday morning between Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER and Mr. ROBERT LORAINÉ had its origin in a dispute over the use, by the former, of a peculiarly shaped putter in a match played at Hanger Hill. The players were all even on the eighteenth tee, and Sir GEORGE missed a three-foot putt for a half on the last green. This was enough in itself to have disturbed his equanimity, but when his opponent observed, "Well, what can you expect if you putt with a consumptive croquet mallet," the strain was too great, and Sir GEORGE replied, "Anyhow, it hasn't got a swelled head." Mr. LORAINÉ sent his cartel that same evening, and the duel took place without delay on Hampstead Heath. Sir

GEORGE ALEXANDER was attended by the Editor of *The Tailor and Cutter* and Sir ALBERT ROLLIT, while Mr. LORAINÉ's seconds were Mr. BERNARD SHAW and Mr. GRAHAME WHITE. The choice of weapons being optional, Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER fought with a nickel-plated trousers-stretcher, while Mr. LORAINÉ used an eel-skin sand-bag stuffed with red pepper. For a while Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER made a splendid defence with his formidable weapon, some of his American reverse undercuts being extremely fine; but unfortunately, while parrying a ferocious *massé* stroke from his antagonist, he had the ill-luck to receive the sand-bag on the edge of the trousers-stretcher, which, cutting through the skin, exposed Sir GEORGE to the deadly influence of the contents. He was removed in a state of acute sternutation to the nearest pond, and the fight was awarded on points to his antagonist. The two gentlemen are now so friendly that an early trip in Mr. LORAINÉ's bi-plane has been arranged for Sir GEORGE.

"He was known to be a man of considerable strength, although he was stated to be only twenty-four years old."—*Daily Mail*. Some of the little fellows at the Varsity may resent this.



Aviator (having got into difficulties). "I SAY, WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO GIVE ME A LIFT TO THE NEXT TOWN?"
Farmer. "WELL, I DON'T MIND, MESELF; BUT I WARN YE, THE MARE BE A REG'LAR FLIER. 'TAINT EVERYONE LIKES TO BE BEHIND 'ER."

THE PRINCIPAL FEATURE.

(*A hymeneal rhapsody.*)

It would not give me much surprise
 (So misted o'er with vapours
 Were all those trembling maidens' eyes,
 So mute concerning manly guise
 Were all the local papers)

If hearts were never deeply stirred
 (Without my aid) to rock where
 The glory of the rite occurred,
 So I propose to say a word
 About the bridegroom's neck-wear.

I chose the thing; and by the Powers!
 I ween my work was double
 The labour of the cabs, the flowers,
 The presents, the police; it towers
 Above the parsons' trouble.

Grey was the hue; but not as when
 (His Western wheels grown rosier)
 The Sungod dwindles from our ken
 And twilight shrouds the haunts of men;
 In speaking to my hosiery

I made this very clear: I said,
 "I want some throat-apparel
 Suited to gentlemen who wed,
 With streaks of day-break in the thread,
 And hints of song-birds' carol;

"Neat but not gaudy; not the kind
 Your loud suburban dresser
 About his nape is sure to bind
 For nuptials—something more refined."
 The young man answered, "Yes, Sir."

Box after piled box we burst,
 Shelf after shelf we looted;
 I was not satisfied at first,
 No, we were hours in silks immersed
 Before he got me suited.

But when he did—ah never band
 So bravely streaked and spotted
 Was ever tied by quivering hand
 For any bridal in the land
 Beneath a swain's carotid!

And so I want the credit; hats
 With careless ease one chooses;
 Trousers and overcoats and spats
 Are trifling things; but *chic* cravats
 Demand the heavenly Muses.

And, when I think upon him now
 For whom all days are golden,
 A wrinkle comes across my brow;
 Whatever boons the gods allow,
 That light will be withholden.

The years, I say, before him lie
 With happiness full mellow;

But such is woman's taste (ah why?)
 That this may be the last good tie
 He ever wears, poor fellow.

EVOC.

"Do not, for instance, drink soda water out of a bottle. If you dislike the idea of letting your lips touch a glass which may have been used by some one else, you should refrain drinking anything, or if you are very thirsty you should ask a servant to give you a bottle of soda water and take it outside to drink."

So writes an Anglo-Indian in *The Indian Voice*. Over here we have Lady Grove. There is always somebody who knows.

"Princess Sophia Dulcep Singh, who is starting on a voyage round the world, has hit upon a novel plan of obviating the luggage difficulty. In order to avoid mistakes and economise time in recognising her belongings, she has had all her luggage brilliantly painted in green, purple, and white. Her favourite Pomeranian dog is accompanying her on her travels."

Pall Mall Gazette.

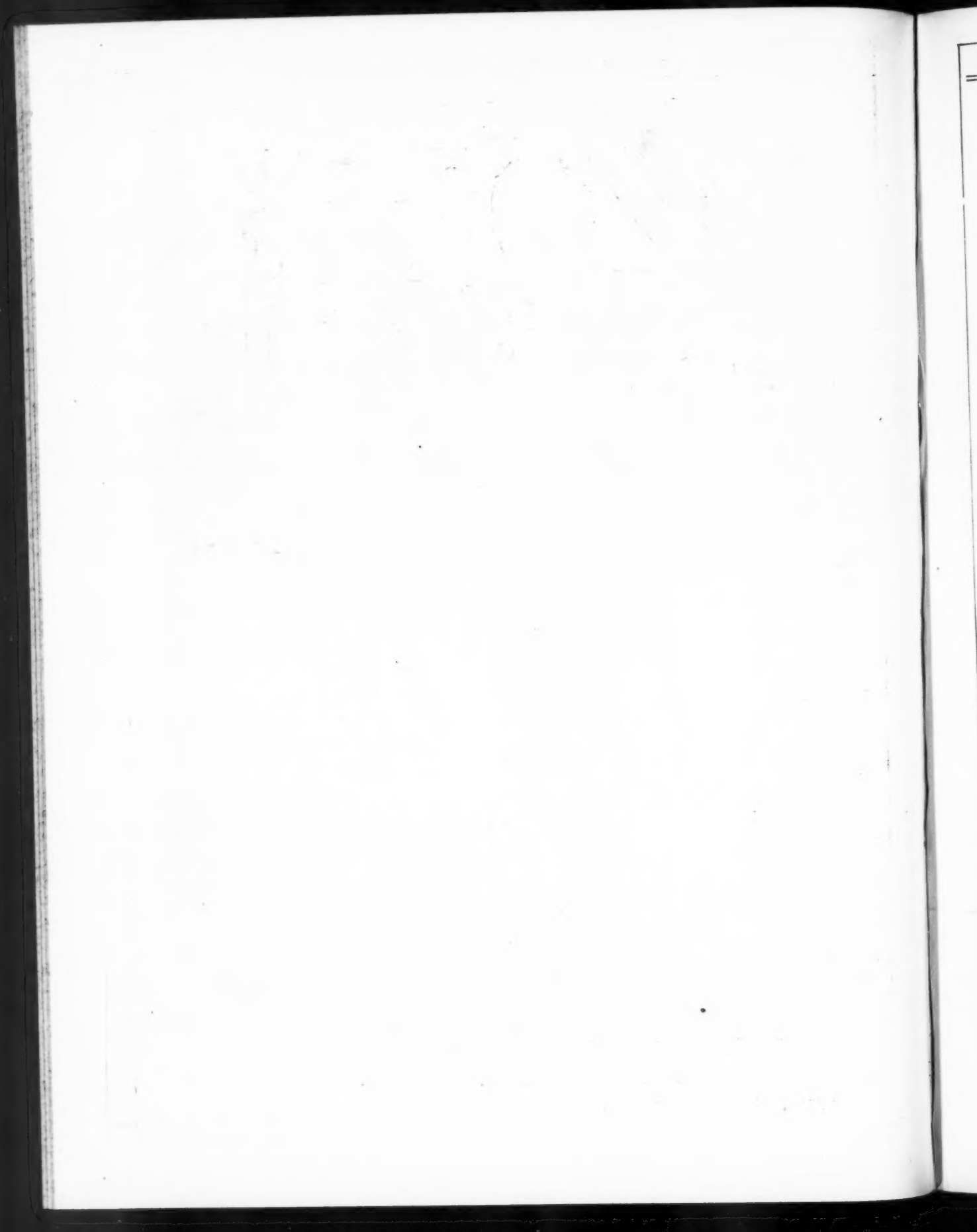
Also painted in the Suffragette colours?

"The well-known Parisian actor, M. le Bargy, and a journalist, M. Malherbe, fought a duel yesterday with words."—*Manchester Guardian*. After a desperate battle M. MALHERBE retired with a split infinitive.



THE END OF THE DAY.

"FROM SPUR TO PLUME A STAR OF TOURNAMENT."—*The Passing of Arthur.*





THREE QUARTERS OF A KING OF ENGLAND (PRO TEM.).

(The KING has delegated certain Royal duties during his absence in India to a commission consisting of PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, LORD MORLEY, LORD LOREBURN, and the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTEBURY.)

Chorus. "LE ROI—C'EST NOUS!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, November 6.—Gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease reading Parliamentary debates in morning papers little know how drear is actuality. Bad enough when Insurance Bill drags its slow length along. At least we have at such times LLOYD GEORGE to the fore. No one, not even ALFRED LYTTLTON, knows what may happen when that alert figure is on Treasury Bench, that barbed tongue within stinging distance. This is the CHANCELLOR'S night off. In place of National Insurance we have the strange case of Small Land Owners in Scotland.

In prospect of such entertainment House almost literally collapses on threshold of sitting. Attendance scanty, notably on Front Opposition Bench. PRINCE ARTHUR away, for once in recent times thoroughly enjoying after-dinner speech. As a rule, posing as Leader of Opposition, he has to walk more delicately than AGAG approaching pre-

sence of wrathful Prophet. To trifle with Tariff Reform, to touch on relations of Lord and Commons, to allude to the Referendum, is to stir up embers



CHARLIE B. not had such a good time since Coudor days.

of revolt in what with cruel irony is named the Unionist Party. To gird at Home Rule, to denounce it as "the dream of Political Idiots," is to tread a firm platform, encouraged by enthusiastic applause of a reconciled following.

PREMIER in his place varying practice of colleagues by answering in person some of the questions addressed to him. Others have formed daily habit of delegation. EDWARD GREY originally set example and faithfully follows it. Looks in once a week. For the rest ACLAND reads F. O. replies; MCKINNON WOOD works phonograph for CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER; for WINSTON (literally gone under—in a submarine) MACNAMARA reads Admiralty answers. (By the way, when submarines were in earlier experimental form, I went for a voyage in one myself, which gives keener personal interest to WINSTON'S expedition.) Questions over, general movement towards the door, leaving the chamber to solitude, Scottish Small Land Owners and the LORD ADVOCATE.

Business done.—Sat up till one

o'clock in the morning with the Small Land Owners of Scotland.

Tuesday.—**CHARLIE BERESFORD** not had such real good time since he took the little *Condor* inside the range of **ARABI PASHA's** guns at Alexandria. Only a born genius of fathomless native humour could have devised the thing. Everyone knows the story **CHARLIE**, characteristically fearless of his enemy, wrote a book, "The Betrayal" he called it, describing it as a "record of facts concerning Naval policy and administration from 1902 to the present time."

Effect of mere announcement tremendous. **MCKENNA** crowding on sail made for harbour. Sprang ashore from Admiralty yacht, leaving command vacant. The dauntless **WINSTON** stepped in, and lo! a strange thing happened. The book, announced for publication yesterday, actually distributed to reviewers at end of last week, was withdrawn—for revision, **CHARLIE** explains. "What does it all mean?" I asked him.

"Why, it means I must think more of the Navy than of myself or my opinions," answered the proud patriot.

"But weren't you thinking of the Navy when you wrote the book?"

"Now go away forrad and don't ask awkward questions."

Natural result of episode is that everyone is talking of the book. If it were issued just now **MARIE CORELLI** wouldn't be in the running in the matter of sale. Effect will remain when, if ever, it is published. Curious to note in Lobby this afternoon muster of leading publishers. Never saw so many foregathered at same time in one place. Think they have picked up a thing or two about advertising forthcoming books. Confess they are proud to sit at feet of a retired admiral.

Business done.—With many amendments, Clause 36 added to Insurance Bill.

Wednesday.—On Monday chanced to write about **PRINCE ARTHUR**, his relations with his party and his momentary position. As indicating state of affairs as they appeared to House of Commons



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—I.

[As we go to press it is officially stated that Mr. Bonar Law is to be offered the leadership.]
Walter Long. "Of course, there's no difficulty 'bout leading—none whatever; but I must say Balfour had the advantage of me in length of limb. Being able to reach the Table easily does undoubtedly give a convincing air of mastery!"

on eve of momentous declaration, I leave the passage as it stood.

This afternoon, breaking in upon another dull day with Insurance Bill, whisper went round, increasing in force



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—II.

Austen. "With a little adaptability and assimilative attention to detail I don't believe they would know the difference."

and persistency, that **PRINCE ARTHUR** had retired from Leadership of Opposition. Discredited at first, assurance of its truth and of the finality of the decision grew apace. The long conflict is over; a struggle whose sordid story will probably be reserved for the reading of a later generation is finished. All that is certain for the present is that an influence which in his speech in the City this afternoon **PRINCE ARTHUR** delicately alluded to as "microbes" has prevailed.

Ever since **DON JOSÉ** unfurled the flag of Tariff Reform, post of Leader of Unionist Party become increasingly impossible. **SARK** says the last straw that broke the back of proud, scorn-

ful indifference was the vote passed last Monday by the Halsbury Club declaring their unabated confidence and loyalty in their esteemed Leader. This clumsy impertinence too much for even **PRINCE ARTHUR's** patience.

However it be, by whatsoever accretion of personal affronts, the end has come. **PRINCE ARTHUR**, the strength, sustentation and ornament of his party through a full score years of mingled triumph and disaster, will, in the capacity of Captain, "come back to Lochaber no more."

Business done.—In Committee on Insurance Bill.

Thursday.—**KINLOCH-COOKE**, assuming cloak of lamented **HENNIKER-HEATON**, pioneer and champion of postal and telegraphic reform, takes opportunity of making personal statement. Owing to trouble with *pince-nez*, inability at once to recapture the line he left off reading from manuscript, and, above all, tendency of syllables of his speech to remain stuck in his throat, some difficulty in following the story. Gathered its burden to be that post-office dealing with telegrams addressed to officers or men at sea charge the superscripture H.M.S. as three words, price three half-pence.

The **INFANT SAMUEL**, whilst not able to repel the charge, pleads that if the letters be written not as capitals but as small type they will go for a half-penny.

Distinction is subtle. Its existence not generally known among correspondents of Jack at sea. Useful to have it openly stated, surely as prelude to immediate revision of rules which make possible so absurd an anomaly.

SARK tells me of two other instances incredible save on such authority. If, in a telegram, he is addressed as M.P. the abbreviation is treated as two words and is charged one penny. Reverse the letters and in another connection telegraph P.M. and they go for a halfpenny. Also, if you telegraph to a friend who lives at Herne Bay the address is charged as one word. If your correspondent lives at Herne Hill it is two words, and bang goes a penny.

In spite of tender years the INFANT SAMUEL, as shown by successful administration of Post Office, is a man of business. It would be worth his while to get in from the Head Office a full list of these absurdities—there are scores of them equally grotesque—and remove them with stroke of pen. An hour would suffice for the work.

Business done.—Clause 46 of Insurance Bill.

Friday.—Among legacies WINSTON found left behind by his predecessor at the Admiralty was a submarine in whose design and building are displayed all the latest resources of science. The only thing necessary for complete equipment is a name. Custom hitherto is to call submarines A1, A2, A3, and so on. In addition to sad associations connected with two of these craft, adhesion to the numerical-cum-alphabetical nomenclature has about it poverty-stricken look. WINSTON, nothing if not original, has resolved to strike out new line.

"I shall call the new submarine *The Whale*," he said.

"Why *Whale*?" I asked.

"My good TOBY, do you forget that the first submarine of which the world has knowledge was a whale? It had economical advantages over our modern craft, such as I cruised in on Monday, because it was single-handed. Also it could sink lower, forge ahead faster, and when its voyage was over it had a way of discharging its crew with equal efficacy and expedition. So the new boat shall be *The Whale*; and I hope you will come down to the christening, bringing your cup with you."

Business done.—Passed three more clauses of Insurance Bill.

"Lady Paul was then called, and, attired in an old gold costume with furs, and wearing a bunch of lilies of the valley, entered the witness-box. Whereupon the court adjourned until this morning."—*Daily Mail*.

And that is what we call a civil court!



"IT ISN'T EVERY DAY, SIR, YOU CAN GET A CHAIR STRAIGHT FROM A CONTINENTAL PALACE."

"WHY, YOU TOLD ME THE SAME THING LAST WEEK ABOUT A VASE."

"QUITE RIGHT, SIR; AT THE MOMENT CROWNED 'EADS ARE TAKING NO RISKS."

THE MUSICOPHARMACOPŒIA.

[A Continental doctor has discovered that each musical instrument has a direct curative action on the human organism.]

ALL the years that I remember (I was fifty last December)

I've been harried by a regiment of invalid alarms;

Now I revel in existence, for I keep them at a distance

By the potent aid of music's most extraordinary charms.

When a pain attacks my middle, I have but to take my fiddle,

And a bar or two will give it the uncompromising boot;

While the cornet (played at night) is a specific for bronchitis,

And the germs of influenza may be slaughtered with a flute.

If my nerves are all a-jangle with the trivial triangle

I will gently tintinnabulate to rectify their tone;

When with gouty pangs I bellow, I discourse upon the 'cello,
And it's death to indigestion when I tackle my trombone.

Then my liver trouble passes to the clashing of the brasses,

With the trumpet my rheumatics are dispatched to kingdom come;

For the dumps the ocarina, for the mumps the concertina,

For the bile the double-bass and for dyspepsia the drum.

And, supposing on occasion I should undergo invasion

From a mixture of my maladies of each and every brand,

I shall have no cause for worry; to my gramophone I'll hurry,

And recover to the strains of Pongo's Polyphonic Band.

AT THE PLAY:

"DAD."

IN Lestithian, on the so-called Cornish Riviera, lives one *Richard Beaufort*, yeoman farmer, very knowledgeable on rural matters, and much respected by an unsophisticated community. They consult him freely, and his advice is sage. Also he has a secret: he knows himself to be the natural son of somebody, but has not yet identified his father. Into his tranquil existence suddenly bursts the Lothario who begot him—to wit, *Sir Joseph Lorrimer, Bart.*, late of the diplomatic service. This brave gentleman, recently aroused to a sense of approaching age by the ridicule cast on his first grey hairs by the latest object of his wandering fancy, has resolved to forswear the sex, to range himself, and to spend his declining years in the companionship of his hitherto neglected offspring.

So the youth is brought to town to be taught the urbanities. His parent's programme is generous: to his own tailor shall be entrusted the reformation of his boy's grotesque exterior; he shall assume the family name; a woman of the world shall be found who will put him through his paces; he shall join the service of his country as a Territorial (why this proposal was received by the audience with a snigger I cannot say); and altogether, he shall be made worthy of his father's new-found affection.

The son, who meanwhile has invited a village-neighbour (addicted to cycling at the back of the stage) to marry him, receives his father's schemes with stolid, inarticulate indifference: but when objection is taken to the girl on the ground that her late father was a scamp he abruptly withdraws, with the intention of resuming residence in the Cornish Riviera. Hardly has he shaken the dust of the Knightsbridge flat from his feet (leaving the front-door open) when the girl arrives and penetrates within the parent's apartment. Into ears of large experience in this kind she pours a tearful tale of amorous attentions paid to her in another quarter. She fears that she may have innocently been compromised and so made unworthy of wedlock with *Richard*. Still susceptible to the charms of woman (in or out of distress), and already convinced that his son is ill-adapted to be an ornament of London society, *Sir Joseph* determines

to readjust his plans and find his own happiness in securing that of the young couple. In the issue, so well does he play his altruistic part in making himself agreeable to the girl that she becomes fascinated by his incorrigible gift of gallantry; and the son, observing this development, resigns her to his father and consoles himself with the affection of a rustic maiden more suited to his own tastes and limitations.

So, in crude brevity, runs the tale. The First Act, which sets forth the character and condition of young

If there might seem to be a certain air of effrontery in a scheme by which almost the first act of amends done by a father to his neglected natural son was to rob him of his sweetheart, this was largely dissipated by the charm and persuasiveness of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE in a part that fitted him to the finger-tips. There was, of course, nothing strange in this, for all characters seem to come alike to this Protean actor; but the performance of Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS as *Richard* was most unusual. An audience familiar

with the easy casual humour which he commonly affects on the stage could only marvel at the *tour de force* by which he assumed a bucolic reticence so alien to his habit. It was not his fault if the character of *Richard* seemed to lack consistency. Even allowing for the change of air, there was perhaps too crying a contrast between his quiet resourcefulness and capability in the country and his gauche angularity in London. And when he returned to his proper place, he never recovered those practical qualities which, as we were shown in the First Act, had made him adviser-in-chief to the locality. Perhaps, however, this may be explained by the activities of his evergreen parent, which may well have discouraged him.

As the heroine Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE acted very naturally, and was particularly good in the unfolding of her tale of woe. Mr. BEVERIDGE played the sympathetic parson as only he can play that sort of part, and Miss MARIE HEMINGWAY was really excellent in demeanour as the rustic maid, full of love's intelligence, who came by her own in the end.

Mr. SAM SOTHERN was well suited as the Baronet's faithful *attaché*, never diverted from his devotion, save by a chronic tendency to somnolence. Minor parts sketched by Miss COBURN and Mr. HARWOOD were admirably in the picture.

Captain JOHN KENDALL has done his work of adaptation with nice judgment. He has revolted against the stupid habit of retaining French names and naturalizing the rest. He has painted his characters in English colours throughout, and put them in an English setting familiar to himself, with local customs and allusions complete. One of the customs was new to me. I gather that in Cornwall, after a lady has drunk cider out of a jug, you



A FAUX PA.

Richard (Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS) to *Sam Curbury* (Mr. SAM SOTHERN). "Are you my father?"

Richard, moves with a pleasant deliberation that gives a sense of the authors' confidence in themselves. The Second Act abounds in piquant contrasts, but a slight note of insincerity is struck in the heroine's sudden excursion to London with the design of exposing to a perfect stranger the embarrassments which apparently she had not thought it worth while to confide to her lover on the spot. The Third Act is a little weakened by an excess of trivial exits and entrances, and by the fact that the threads which it gathers up have been woven not so much in the play itself as in the interval between the Second and Third Acts. But the quality of freshness is there to the end.



WITH THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON HUNT.—NO. 2.

"SOME ARE BORN GREAT, SOME ACHIEVE GREATNESS, AND SOME HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON 'EM."—*Twelfth Night*.

pour what is left into a vase and stick cut flowers into it. The original comedy does not seem to have asked for much purging, but what risks there were Captain KENDALL has cheerfully run. On behalf of *Mr. Punch*, I congratulate his "DUM-DUM," and sincerely hope that his version will justify the care and sympathy that have been spent on it.

O. S.

"THE WAR GOD."

On Wednesday afternoon Sir HERBERT TREE presented, on his usual lavish scale, a blank verse play by Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL; Sir HERBERT TREE himself and Mr. BOURCHIER playing the parts of— This will never do. Let me begin another paragraph, and try to write in ordinary prose.

If I had gone to His Majesty's in innocence, not knowing what was coming, I should have enjoyed myself more. But I had previously read an interview with Mr. ZANGWILL, in the course of which he had made two confessions; the first being that the play was written in blank verse, and the second that it contained a scene so funny that the actors could hardly get through with it. My afternoon, as a result of this information, was spoilt. I spent it looking out for, and recognising,

the blank verse, and looking out for, and not recognising, the funny bit. I don't know which I found more trying. In every speech it was the rhythm, not the meaning, which held my attention; in every action, not the meaning but the possible developments of humour. It was galling to think that but for the interview I need never have suspected the blank verse; any more than you suspected it in my first paragraph above. And as for the humour I only felt its absence because I thought it was to be there. The drama did not call for it.

The War God is a melodramatic pamphlet in four Acts. In Act I. we see *Torgrim*, the Chancellor of Gothia, weaving his webs. *Torgrim*, looking something like Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and something like BISMARCK, dreams of a world-empire won by battle, but such details of his schemes as he lets fall hardly bring home to us the idea of a master-mind at work. Perhaps it is difficult to order cruisers convincingly in blank verse. The Chancellor, however, has troubles nearer home, for the Socialists of Gothia are in open revolt against the heavy armament taxes. An attack on the palace, indicated in Act II., is stopped just in time by Count *Frithiof*, a prophet of the gospel of peace, who

condemns not only the war policy of Gothia but also the armed revolt of the Gothians against it. *Frithiof*, who reminded one equally of Sir HERBERT TREE and TOLSTOY, must have had considerable influence over the revolutionaries to have stayed them, but this influence was not enough to prevent them from shooting him afterwards for interfering. Why they could not have shot him in the first place, I do not know; perhaps because it would have prevented Act III., a beautiful scene entitled "The Revolutionary Camp in the Mountains." This was much the best Act of the play, and for the first time one could forget the blank verse and listen to Sir HERBERT, who played and died with great dignity and sincerity. The fatal shot was fired by the *Lady Norna*, a revolutionary with whom *Torgrim's* son *Osric* was in love. Unfortunately, *Osric's* other object of devotion was *Frithiof* himself, and his horror at this murder leads him to suicide. At the same time *Torgrim* is deposed by the King of Gothia, and the double loss of son and office breaks the Chancellor's spirit. Indeed, one is left to gather that he goes as far as to accept the peace gospel of *Frithiof*.

I am afraid that *The War God* will not advance public opinion much. "War

in modern times is a preposterous thing, and the more people realise this the less likely war becomes. But I doubt if Mr. ZANGWILL helps with this melodrama. It is not active enough to carry conviction. World politics on the stage are always unreal, for the reason that the men who make history are so much bigger than the author and the actors. But *The War God* is an interesting attempt. At the least it is splendidly acted, Mr. BOURCHIER being an excellent *Torgrim*, and Miss LILLAH McCARTHY an ideal *Lady Norna*. Sir HERBERT I have already mentioned, and to the many other clever players in the cast I could only do justice in blank verse. I must not drop into blank verse again. M.

THE SILVER LINING.

HE came into the club and flung himself into an arm-chair with an expression of delight.

"Ah!" he said, "that was good. I feel young again."

"What was good?" we asked.

"An experience I have just had. Something I hadn't done for years and thought never to do again. They say indeed you can never repeat a first excitement, but I believe I have done it."

"Of course you can't," said the psychologist. "You can enjoy the second as much as the first, but you can't repeat the first. You have a different pleasure: you compare, co-ordinate, ratify."

"But how about it if a very long interval occurs?" asked the K.C. "They say, you know, that a man changes completely every seven years. A total re-growth of tissue. A man, then, on his twenty-ninth birthday has nothing the same as when he was twenty-one. Very well then, he can have a new first experience every seven years."

"Order!" we cried. "That's against the rules. That's the most infernal hair-splitting."

"Well, and what is a K.C. for?" he inquired sweetly.

"Besides," said the psychologist, "it's rot too, because a man of thirty can remember what he did when he was a boy, and if your theory were true his memory would be only seven years old."

"Ah, yes," echoed the man in the arm-chair, dreamily, "he can remember what he did when he was a boy; indeed he can!"

"Talking of boyish firsts and their thrills," said the author, "what do you call the best? What, for example, was yours?" he asked of the K.C.

"Mine? Oh, mine was my first

salmon. No doubt of that at all. It was when I was fourteen, in Scotland. Just under twenty pounds, and the best part of an hour playing him. Nothing will ever come up to that. I lived weeks in the time—all pure joy and agony, which are just alike under such conditions."

"But suppose you went out for tarpon now, wouldn't you have a similar feeling?"

"Never. No, not even landing a whale would do it now. I'm too old."

The man in the arm-chair smiled beatifically. "Never too old," he murmured.

"What was yours?" the K.C. asked the author.

"The twenty minutes before my first pantomime, I think," he said. "Getting there much too early, waiting for the fiddlers to come in, seeing them come in, hearing them tune up, watching the stalls fill, then the turning up of the footlights, the overture, and, at last, but, if anything, too soon, the rise of the curtain. After that it is mechanical: so much that is strange and wonderful is happening that one is rapt and bemused. But in the twenty minutes before, seated in the sacred building, one is so intensely, vividly conscious of everything that happens and everything is a rapture. That joy certainly one can never regain."

"And now you?" said the psychologist to the man who was sunk in his arm-chair in such ecstasy. "You started all this talk. What was your greatest thrill as a boy?"

"Oh, me!" he said. "My greatest thrill as a boy was my first hansom ride. That's why I'm so happy; because after four years of taxis I've just had another."

The American Heiress.

"He had not the wealth of the Plantagenets, nor did he derive any income from American trusts. (Loud laughter.)"—*Scotsman*.

We knew what was meant without the explanatory parenthesis.

Sporting Notes.

"First Football disengaged; age 27."
Advt. in "*Hereford Times*."

"Mr. Bolton, speaking at Walterlong, said that Mr. Balfour is a great asset to the Unionists."—*China Press*.

This shows how difficult it is, in distant parts of the world, to be correctly informed of what is going on elsewhere. Probably SUN YAT SEN is the name of a town after all.

Altruism.

"ABSCONDING CREDITOR."
Birmingham Daily Mail.

Of all the quixotic idiots—

THE NEW CURRENCY.

["During a bicycle auction sale in Crowland Market-place, Peterborough, a bidder offered three pigs in exchange for a bicycle, and the auctioneer accepted the bid."—*Daily News*.]

We cull the following items at random from the advertisement columns of the near future:—

Are you bald? Then try
"Thatcho for the Roof,"
of all Chemists, or
Send white mouse for dainty sample
packet.

For sale, a bargain.
Panthard Motor, 40 horse-power,
to clear at 20 mokes.

Publishers' Lists (Messrs. Bills and Boom):

"Going to the Dogs,"
A Warning to England,
By J. ELLIS BARKER.
Price three bull-pups.

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half persian, 8vo. Price one puss.

The Recollections of J. HENNIKER
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Price one Dorking six chicks do.;
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Wanted.—Second-hand clothing of
every description.
Highest value in spotted terriers sent
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At the Barkstein Hall:
Only appearance this season of the
great vocalist,
Sig. Planchetto Verdi.
Prices:
Stalls, one pekingese; Balcony, one pom;
Gallery, one lurcher.

The Editor of *Nutty Nuts* will at all times be glad to consider suitable contributions, but he cannot undertake to return MSS. unless a silkworm is sent to cover cost of postage. For all accepted matter remuneration is at the rate of one guinea-pig per column.

"EDINBURGH WOMEN AT THE WASH-TUB,

REMARKABLE FIGURES."

Edinburgh Evening News.

It's the steam that does it, and the constant bending.

"Williamson, who apart from sniping two or three short putts played perfect golf, holed out in 72."—*The Western Morning News*.

We are not professionals, but in our humble sporting way we have often groused a drive and woodcocked an approach.



THE MOVING STAIRCASE SEEMS TO BE A GREAT SUCCESS AT EARL'S COURT STATION. WHY NOT GO IN FOR OTHER ATTRACTIONS? WHY NOT TURN THE INNER CIRCLE INTO ONE VAST MERRY-GO-ROUND?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Cecily Chalmers, a pretty little grass-widow, who had taken a bungalow near Camberley while her solemn prig of a soldier-husband was fighting (I regret to say with success) the climate of West Africa, is called by Mrs. H. H. PENROSE *A Sheltered Woman* (ALSTON RIVERS). Her mother, as she confided to her friend the Boy-Poet, had never allowed her to know anything about wickedness. In the bungalow she was safely guarded by a nice old dragon of a maid-servant; and some austere in-laws, the Major's aunts, lived near enough to keep on her and her doings what I make bold to call a backbiting eye. But you can't mother wickedness out of existence, as if it were a cold in the head, and one Sunday night it crept through *Cecily's* garden into her drawing-room, long after she and the Dragon were safely tucked up in their beds, in the shape of a bold bad captain come to make love to her married sister-in-law who was paying her a visit *ad hoc*. Inside the house the Dragon was sleeping with one eye open; outside, the Boy-Poet, whose suspicions, I am bound to say, had been very easily roused, was on guard in a ditch; the guilty pair were observed, and *Cecily* was duly told what had happened. But so also were the aunts, to whom a passing bicyclist reported voices, soprano and baritone, heard at an unseemly hour in a house "where nae man should be." Joy of the aunts (for, of course, they jumped to the conclusion that *Cecily* was the soprano) and hasty despatch of the scandalous news to the West Coast. Return of the unco' guid Major . . . and, I am glad to say, improvement of the story, up to this point not very good stuff, and even at that not at all improved by the freakish intrusion of the French *motif* into its decorous British respectability. But it ends well, like KING CHARLES, and the

Major gets what he deserves. And you do get to know the people.

The title of Mr. IAN HAY's latest story, *A Safety Match* (BLACKWOOD), is a little obscure, but I fancy it refers to the fact that *Daphne*, its heroine, proves herself the sort of person who—so to speak—strikes only on the box. Certainly her one attempt to fall in love with a man who was not her lawful husband turned out an ignominious failure. Hers is an entertaining if not too original history, which begins very pleasantly with an account of the delightful rectory family of whom *Daphne* is the eldest; and of the astonishment of them all (not shared, it must be confessed, by the experienced novel-reader) when stern-looking Sir John Carr, a man old enough to be her father, proposes to make her his wife. So *Daphne* leaves her country economies to become an ornament of the smart set and the mistress of many mansions. The tale has been told already, you observe, by others, from SHERIDAN downwards. It is only fair to add, however, that this *Lady Teazle*, though she soon falls out with her husband, finds no *Joseph Surface* to abet her; indeed it is her entire failure in this respect that sends her back, humbled and wiser, to the strong, silent man who has, of course, loved her throughout. In spite of a rather thrilling description of a mining strike and the consequent disaster, I myself liked this part of the book least; it seemed to suffer from some uncertainty of purpose. But the "handsome rectory children" of the early chapters, their vague father, and their muddled but affectionate home-life, are things of pure joy.

Personally, I have never spent Saturday night in the bar of a public-house at Barking Town, but this does not

prevent my being sure that the persons and talk I should find there are precisely as Mr. ROBERT HALIFAX represents them in *A Whistling Woman* (CONSTABLE). Those who know what is what in fiction have for some time now had their eyes expectantly upon Mr. HALIFAX; and the present book will certainly confirm their belief in him. The point which strikes me most about the story is its obvious sincerity. The courtship of *Arthur* as conducted by *Lydia*, who has to whistle so long and desperately for him, is told with a good deal of quiet humour; but humour is by no means its dominant note. I have the idea, indeed, that Mr. HALIFAX is half afraid of his own sense of fun, as of something that might interfere with the absolute truth of what he writes. The result is a study in the unflinching realism that is as far removed from sensationalism as from flippancy. I will not deny that, now and again, the effect of this method is a certain feeling of oppression; but always, when this threatens, the real humanity of the tale asserts itself, and takes the reader captive again. *Arthur*, the laggard lover; *Slatt*, the barber book-maker; *Lydia*, and her depressed mother who exists upon patent foods; and brave, ineffective little *Miss Summerbell*, with her adoration for the over-worked curate *Dering*, all these live as only real sympathy and knowledge can make them.

When I read, on page 143 of her history, that "never in the memory of the oldest man-about-town or most reminiscent dowager had any young woman made so instantaneous and so amazing a mark upon society" as *The Fair Irish Maid* (HURST & BLACKETT), I was myself instantaneously and markedly amazed, for I had hitherto suspected *Grania O'Hara* of no startling prettiness, wittiness or other modish distinction. In short, I found her story, with its fairy uncle, its sudden access of bequeathed wealth and its proudly obstinate lover, a little trite and unconvincing, though the telling of it by Mr. J. HUNTLY MCCARTHY was a thing of delight. From his peremptory manner of hustling it to a sudden conclusion, I suspect that the author himself had no great opinion of his theme, but had felt the overwhelming need of writing about any old thing in a bright and buoyant spirit; and, if no better plot was to hand, I hold him fully excused, for his felicity of description and his digressive humour are things to be aired at all costs. In Ireland he is at home and quite pleasing, but in London of 1815 A.D. he is more than happy with his portrayal of contemporary men and manners. His chronicling of the riots in the Rotunda Theatre, I do, in the language of the time, protest, is in the most comic and whimsical vein conceivable.

The *Daily Graphic*, I gather from the publishers' advertisement, describes *One of the Family* (WARD, LOCK) as an excellent story, of amusing complications and not a little sentiment, based on the diversions and difficulties of a

newly married couple. The *Times*, I have discovered for myself, briefly contemns those same diversions and difficulties as mere "squabbles." I anticipate that the weekly Reviews, each in its own degree, will adopt the latter line, that the Ladies' Journals will follow the former. It is impossible to say that either side is, from its own point of view, wrong. Mr. HOWARD appears to me to be beyond criticism, above it or below it, as you care to look at him. He is not at his merriest and brightest in this instance, but he is at least, as always, merry and bright. He is no subtle observer of the inner workings of the human soul, nor is he the inventor of startling and original themes; but he has a humorous way with him and an eye for the suburban manner. Clearly, *Celia* and *Austin Grain* were very lucky to have him for their intermediary in courtship days, the best man at their wedding, their guide, philosopher, friend and scapegoat during the preliminary stages of the matrimonial struggle, and, at the latter end, their genial and tolerant historian.



THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.
II.—ROGER BACON CONSTRUCTS A WORKING MODEL OF A RAINBOW.

hypnotic influence over them. There is a fascination about all this to the mere town-dweller, but one cannot avoid the feeling that such mysteries are easy to invent but very hard to encounter in actual fact. Apart from this (which is the thing that does not quite hit me) there is good stuff in the hero's stormy courtship, and the complications resulting from the conditions of his father's last will and testament. I liked that, and I also liked the author's whimsical trick of playing in parenthesis the part of showman to his puppets:—"A pretty heroine, this, who in five minutes has given evidence of ingratitude and impudence both."

"ERSKINE YOUNG.—At 37 Prince's Avenue, Liverpool, on 3rd November, to Dr. and Mrs. Erskine Young, a daughter; *Gaudeamus igitur*."—*Glasgow Herald*.

Our congratulations to little *Gaudeamus Igitur*. At the same time we think that, being a girl, she should have been christened *Gaudeama Igitur*.

"Dying in 1802 at the age of twenty-seven, Girtin took up the work of the topographers and transformed it from within. His power and mastery seem identified with the very genius of the med.um."—*Times*.
Thus is spiritualism vindicated at last.